

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 10.]

OCTOBER, 1864.

[PRICE 1½d.]

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF BONCHURCH.

BY MARY BENNETT.

BONCHURCH, in the Isle of Wight, is a picturesque village on the upper cliffs of Ventnor. Here, some few years since, lived a poor schoolmaster, who rented a cottage of two rooms for his dwelling, and a barn for his school. He was self-educated in the common elements of knowledge, and had made the human heart his study; and it was his delight not merely to teach the mechanical parts of reading, writing and arithmetic, but also to influence the moral and intellectual powers of his children, and to strengthen, elevate and purify them. In this large aim he had but one text-book—the Gospel of the Great Teacher; and in this he learned one lesson in especial—that "it is good to seek and to save that which is lost."

Like all of his order, the master in his school had to contend with boys who could not learn, and boys who would not. But the boy who gave him most trouble could and did learn; only he was so intractable in his general conduct, and such an imp of mischief, that it was a ceaseless perplexity with the good master what ought to be done with him. The master had no worldly motive for reclaiming so difficult a charge, since he gained not a penny by it; but he felt a Christian yearning toward the lad, who was an orphan, and was not without promise of better things.

"Harry, Harry, look in my face, sir," exclaimed the master one day, in his very sternest tones.

Harry lifted up a bold, handsome, and always dirty face, surrounded by a tangled mesh of dark curling hair, and made a comic grimace; but when his bright

rolling eye met that of the master, he glanced aside, as if something pained him.

"Harry Bonner, you were last night stealing Farmer Watson's apples."

"Was I, master?"

His tone of mock innocence and simplicity excited sudden laughter in the school, and the frown of the master could scarcely check it.

"Yes, you were, sir; and I tell you, Harry," said the master, solemnly, "if you go on in this way, you will come to some sad end."

"I hope not, master."

A stout leathern strap was produced.

"Held out your hand," said the master.

"No, thank you, sir."

"Hold out your hand."

"Rather not, if it's all the same to you, sir."

"I insist."

The hand was held out very firmly, Harry winking hard; the strap descended, and then with an affected howl, ending in the laugh of a young savage, the culprit went back to his form—only to plan new offences.

"I feel this is not the way to reclaim that boy," said the master, after school hours, to his sister, an invalid dependent on him, who sat all day long in a wicker easy chair, generally employed in knitting dappled-grey worsted stockings; "yet what else am I to do with him? He is excessively hardened, full of courage and cunning; I never met with a boy so precociously wicked; everybody prophesies evil of his future life. He defies restraint. In any quarrel, all the boys fear him; but he fears no one. He invents wild fun enough for all the mischievous boys in England. He has robbed every orchard within ten miles; and really, I

often fancy he does it out of mere love of adventure and peril."

"Your strap will do him no good," said the sister quietly.

"What, then, will?"

"Patient kindness, and instruction, and time."

"Why, does he not know that I have almost paid his uncle, the blacksmith, to let him come to school—that I send him vegetables out of my garden every now and then, to keep him in good humour?"

"Harry knows you are his only true friend, and thinks more of one gentle word from you than all of your blows with the strap. He has far too much of violent usage at home."

"That is true; you are right."

One forenoon, Harry Bonner left his seat at the head of the high form, flung his book aside, and planted himself at the window, whence he enjoyed a view of the sea, and of a man-of-war that had approached near the shore, in order, as Harry had heard it rumoured, that its crew of seamen for the French war might be recruited by forcibly impressing men along the coast.

Harry was engaged in easy contemplation of this prospect, when the master espied how he was passing his time.

"What are you doing there, Harry Bonner? Where is your book? Have you learned your lesson?"

"No."

"Then, sir, you shall learn a double lesson before dinner."

"I like double lessons," said Harry, flinging himself back to his place, and learning rapidly a long row of words and meanings. Before dinner-time had come, the double task was perfectly mastered, and hard sums got through—for sums and lessons were all play to Harry.

The master looked at him with feelings of pity, regret and admiration.

"O, my poor boy!" said he, "how can you throw away such abilities on mischief and wickedness?"

Harry coloured up to his temples; his eye flashed and moistened; he was going to make a passionate reply, but turned short round, and went out of school whistling, with his hands thrust among the marbles and whipeord in the pocket of his ragged corduroys. Beside the pond, in the centre of the village, he stopped,

and looking jealously round, and seeing he was unobserved, he pulled out the marbles and a top from his pocket, and flung them into the water. "There," said he, "now I shall give up nonsense, and shew the master, and shew everybody, what I can do. I'm thirteen years old, and shall soon be a man, and I must look out for myself, as the master says I am clever, and all that; and so I *am* clever, and I *have* got abilities; I feel it, that I do!"

He walked on, still talking with himself; presently he burst out—"What does uncle hate me for, I should like to know? What harm have I done him? What's he always thrashing me for? Why don't he let me alone?"

Again he went on, every now and then loitering to think.

"I wish," said he, turning his pockets inside out, "I only wish I had some money there."

With this wish fresh on his lips, he went into the dirty cottage of his uncle. It was a homestead that did anything but credit to its occupants. The floor was unswept, the hearth was covered with coke and potato-peelings; the remnants of a dinner of the meanest kind were scattered over the tables. The boy felt disgusted, as he mentally compared this abode with the neat, though equally poor home that he had just quitted. He looked at his aunt, sitting in a dirty cotton gown and discoloured cap in the chimney-corner, and compared her with the schoolmaster's suffering sister, who ever looked so neat and clean.

The passion for change and improvement that had been silently taking root in Harry's breast, was momentarily becoming more developed. All at once, he said to his aunt—"Aunt, can you give me a little money—ever so little?"

"Money!" She looked at him in utter surprise. "What do you want with money?"

"Never you mind; only see though if I don't pay you back one day, and plenty to it."

A violent blow from behind sent the boy reeling against the wall. There stood his savage uncle, with fist double, bare grimy arm, and face distorted with intoxication.

"I'll teach you to ask for money,"

said he, and other blows and fierce abuse followed.

The boy started forward into the centre of the room, gazed with steady boldness in the tyrant's face, and said—"You have done nothing but ill-use me since my father died. I have never done you any harm, and I shan't bear any more of it."

The blacksmith caught up a heavy stick. "Will you not?"

"No, I will not; so take care what you are about."

"I'll break your spirit, or I'll break every bone of your body."

"You won't do either."

"We'll try that."

The blacksmith rushed forward to grasp Harry by the collar, and Harry sprang to meet him with wild resistance. They stood foot to foot and hand to hand, wrestling for the mastery, when the door opened and the schoolmaster of Bonchurch entered. Instinctive reverence for the good man made the blacksmith pause, and the boy broke from him, trembling violently, and now subdued to tears.

"I am sorry to see this," said the master. "What is the matter?"

The blacksmith muttered something, and his wife took the stick from his hand.

"They are always quarrelling," said she.

"What have I done?" exclaimed Harry—"but it don't matter, master: I like *you*; you have been good to me, and I shall think of it; but as for *him*—I hate him, and I despise him, and I have nothing to thank him for; and after this day I will never see his face again, nor eat of his bread."

In an instant the lad was gone.

Some hours after, the master returned home, and the first thing he did was to take his strap from a table, and put it in the fire.

His sister smiled, but said nothing.

Afterward they conversed respecting the poor boy, and the master expressed some uneasy apprehensions as he repeated Harry's words on going off. Those apprehensions increased when it became known through the village that Harry Bonner was missing, and could not be found.

At dusk, the villagers were traversing the road with lights,—that old upper

road, which, viewed from the lower cliffs, appeared but as a lofty terrace cut on the green mount side.

At that time the now flourishing town of Ventnor had scarce begun to exist; only a few houses relieved the picturesque wildness of the scenery, amidst which the shouts of the villagers formed an exciting accompaniment to the dash of the waves among the numerous breakers, and the fury of an equinoctial gale.

Up and down the steep acclivities of that old road, winding about the face of the upper cliff, did the villagers continue moving with their lights, until long past midnight; for the parting threat of the boy had caused a general belief that he had committed some rash act—perhaps thrown himself over the cliffs or into the sea.

What else could have become of him? He had neither money, nor food, nor clothes, nor friends, nor hope or help of any kind, that any one knew of, out of Bonchurch. One person hinted at gipsies, another at smugglers; and the bold, erratic character of the boy made the master fancy it might be possible that he had joined one or the other. But gipsies had not been seen in Bonchurch for many months, and the smugglers of that part of the island were well known to the residents, and on good terms with them, and they denied any knowledge of the boy.

Gradually the search ceased, except on the part of the schoolmaster, who walked in every direction, inquiring and examining. But at last, he, too, lost hope; and as he stood in Ventnor Cove, when a stormy night was darkening around, and the winds and waves raged in fearful unison, he felt a melancholy conviction that Harry Bonner was lost for ever.

Twenty years rolled away, and the disappearance of the boy was still a profound mystery.

The blacksmith had died of intemperance, and no one lamented him. The schoolmaster's sister needed nothing more in this world. Most of Harry's schoolmates were dead, and of those who survived, scarce any remained in the village. All was changed, but still the schoolmaster lived in his humble cottage, and kept school. But he was grown old, and solitary, and infirm; and so poor that he

was almost reduced to a shadow with hard living.

In his best days he had eked out his little income by cultivating a few vegetables and common fruit; and this was still his resource when he could hobble out on fine days into his patch of garden-ground.

His spirit had been unusually depressed by the decline of his strength, his poverty, his forlorn condition, and the memory of his sister, when at sunset one day he stood at his school-room window, looking toward the sea. The lattice was open, for the weather was warm, and his withered face felt refreshed by the breeze that played over it.

But that which chiefly detained him there and held him in a kind of fascination, was the unusual appearance of a ship of war, one of the most imposing size, moored near Ventnor.

The old man's memory was quickened by the spectacle, and he thought of Harry Bonner, who, on the day of his disappearance, had been detected by him watching just such a vessel from this window, while his neglected lesson was flung aside on the form.

Gazing and musing, the master stood while the shadows of twilight gathered over the scene; the masts and rigging of the chief object of his attention grew indistinct, darkness came quickly, and with it a storm which had been in preparation for some hours.

The master hastily closed the lattice as a flash of lightning broke in upon his musings; he turned to leave the school-room, and to enter his cottage; but what figure was that which, amidst the obscurity, appeared seated on the identical spot, on the chief form, where Harry Bonner sat when he learned with such surprising rapidity his double lesson, after watching the man-of-war from the window?

The schoolmaster had grown nervous, and rather fanciful, and I know not what he imagined it might be; but his breath came quick and short for an instant, and then he asked, in a faint voice, "Who is here?"

A manly voice replied, "*Only Harry Bonner!*"

The lightning lit up the whole of the large, dreary-looking school-room, and

revealed to the schoolmaster the figure of a naval officer, on whose breast glittered decorations of rank and honour.

Darkness instantly succeeded, as the officer started from the form, and grasped the hand of the master with a strong and agitated pressure; then the two moved quickly and silently together into the cottage, while the thunder crashed over head.

The excitement of the moment confused the faculties of the old man, and as the officer, still holding his hand with that fervent grasp, gazed in his eyes by the dim light of the cottage fire, he uttered some incoherent words about Harry Bonner, and the ship, and the double lesson; but when he beheld the officer cover his face with his disengaged hand, and *weep*, his brain rallied its disordered perceptions; he lighted a rushlight that stood on the mantel-shelf, and as the officer withdrew his hand slowly from his face, the master passed the light before those brown and scarred, yet handsome features, in whose strong workings of feeling, if in nothing else, he almost recognized his long-lost, but unforgetten scholar.

The officer suddenly clasped the old man's hand. "My dear old master!" he exclaimed.

The old man was too weak for the sudden surprise; he put his hand to his brow, gazed vacantly, gasped for breath, and his lips moved without a sound.

The officer placed him tenderly in the old wicker chair, in which the knitter of the dappled grey worsted stockings used to sit; then the old man grasped one of its arms, and looking up, said, mournfully, and shook his head,—"*She* is not here; she said to the last Harry Bonner would be found some day. And *now* she is not here!"

"Dead, is she?"

"O, yes!"

There was a short silence, solemn and sad.

"And why hast thou hidden thyself all these years?" asked the master.

"I have been redeeming the past; I have been working my way from rags and infamy to this,"—touching, with an air of great dignity, his gold epaulette and the insignia that glittered on his breast—"and I have been gathering

this," shewing a full and heavy purse, "to revenge myself for the stick and the strap, and make thy latter days easy, my old benefactor."

"The change seems wonderful to you, no doubt," continued the officer, after an agitated pause—"it is wonderful to myself! but it is to you I trace it. Your benevolent instructions—your patient endeavours to reclaim me—your observations on my wickedness—your encouraging praise of my abilities—all appealed to my heart and conscience, and stimulated and roused me to resolve on going to sea, and trying to lead a new life. The sight of the man-of-war from the window, and the last flogging I had from the blacksmith, decided me. I ran down the cliffs—I told my tale to a boat's crew of the war-ship—I was taken on board as a cabin-boy—the ship sailed directly. I rose step by step—I have been in many battles, and here I am, a commander of the vessel you were viewing when I entered the school-room."

"And I hope," said the master earnestly, "I hope, my dear Harry, you are thankful to that Providence which has guided your wandering feet through paths so strange and difficult."

"I trust I am!" rejoined the officer, with profound reverence. "And now, does my uncle live?"

"He and your aunt died fifteen years since."

"I am sorry for it. I should have liked to have talked with them of our past errors—theirs and mine. It would have gratified me to have done something for them, and to have heard them retract some of their harsh words to me. How my heart warmed to the old village when I entered it just now! I could have embraced the mossy palings; I could have knelt down and kissed the very ground. But I was so impatient to see if *you* lived, that I paused nowhere till I reached the school-door, and found you gazing at *my ship*."

"You have brought back the heart of Harry Bonner," said the master, "whatever has become of his vices."

"You shall find I have; for whatever money can procure, or affection and gratitude bestow, for your health and comfort, shall be yours from this hour, my dear old master!"

DR. CUMMING'S LAST DISCOVERY.

THE Doctor is always making investigations in the Bible about Napoleon, the Emperor of Russia, wars, famines, and the like startling and sensational things. Thus he draws a number of people around him to hear the last discovery. Like the alchemists, who were always seeking in the recesses of nature the philosopher's stone to turn all things into gold, and found it not, but did find some things which have proved more useful to the world than even it could have been; so the Doctor told the people who were gathered together, about four thousand auditors, that he had recently discovered a most important and solemn truth through his constant and careful reading of the Bible for many years. He asked their serious and devout attention to what he was about to reveal. He beat about the bush of delightful discovery, till every one was in a state of great anxiety to know what wonderful thing was really to be disclosed to their hungering souls. So then, when all was a perfect calm that you could have heard a pin fall to the ground, the Doctor said, so solemnly, he had discovered from his deep and careful reading of the Scriptures that little children would not be sent to hell. Well! we had paid our money, and had our attention wound up to the highest pitch of curiosity, to hear what no sane man could have ever for a moment doubted. We turned away from the lecturer with feelings of disgust. If De Morgan had collected a thousand persons together, and had said to them his extensive knowledge and practice of figures enabled him to tell them something very astounding, very wonderful and delightful, and then, when he had got the whole attention of his audience, an audience well acquainted with arithmetic, he had told them that he had discovered that *one and one make two*, he would have been hissed for his folly. Yet many of the people received with a kind of supreme satisfaction the Doctor's discovery. How little do the people know the gospel! How the creeds and confessions of men have darkened the counsel and promises of God! A ray of mercy pleased them—how shall their hearts rejoice when the sun of righteousness shines upon them!

THE USES OF PAIN.

PAIN is a sentinel that warns us of danger. And therefore it stands upon the outposts of this citadel, the body; for pain is keenest, the surgeon's knife is felt keenest, on the surface. Now be it granted that pain does us some harm, but it saves us from worse harm. If fire did not pain us, it might burn us up. If cold did not pain us, it might freeze us to death. If disease did not pain us, we might die before we knew that we were sick. If contacts, of all sorts, with surrounding objects—the woodman's axe, the carpenter's saw, the farmer's harrow—did not hurt us, they might cut and tear us all to pieces. Think of it. A knife held by a careless hand approaches us; it touches the skin. We start back. Why? Because there is pain. But for this, it might have entered the body, and cut some vital organ. An old Greek verse says: "The gods *sell* us the blessings they bestow." These are the best terms for us. They make us careful and prudent. Unconditional giving might lead to reckless squandering. Pain, then, is a teacher of prudence, of self-care. Nay, and if happiness alone were considered, it might be argued that an occasional bitter drop gives a zest to the cup of enjoyment; as hunger does to the feast, or sharp cold to the winter's fire. But in moral relations the argument is still stronger.

Here is a human soul clothed with a body, to be trained to virtue, to self-command, to spiritual strength and nobleness. Would perpetual ease and pleasure, a perpetual luxury of sensation, best do that? We know that it would not. Every wise and thoughtful man at least knows that some pain, some sickness, some rebuke of the senses, is good for him. Such a man often feels, in long-continued states of ease and comfort, that it is time something should come to try, to discipline, to inure and ennoble his nature. He is afraid of uninterrupted enjoyment. Pain, patiently and nobly endured, peculiarly strengthens and spiritualizes the soul. Heinrich Heine says: "Only the man who has known bodily suffering is truly a man." The loftiest states of minds, and, compared with mere sensual indulgence, the happiest, are those of courageous endurance,

and the martyr is often happier than the voluptuary. Cicero says, speaking of the sacrifice of Regulus, and after describing his happy fortunes—he had carried on great wars, had been twice consul, had triumphal honours decreed to him—"Nothing was so great as his death;" when to fulfil his word, he went back to Carthage to suffer all that could be inflicted on him. "To us hearing of it," says Cicero, "it is sad; to him suffering it, it was a joy; it was a pleasure;" *erat voluptarius*. "For," adds he, "not the light and gay in their jollity, nor their wantonness, nor their laughter nor jesting—companion of dissoluteness—but the serious and resolved, in their endurance and constancy, are happy." This is the general statement to be made with regard to pain. It is general, indeed, and does not propose to cover every case.

But now, it may be asked, could not the same end be gained, the same nobleness, the same constancy, have been achieved without pain? Which is, I think, as if one should ask, whether the wood could have been cut into shape without the axe, or the marble without the chisel, or the gold purified without the furnace. But let us answer; and we say, Not in any way that we can conceive of. It may have been *absolutely* inevitable in the nature of things, that a frame sensitive to pleasure should be liable to pain. This may be the explanation of that long-continued and severe pain which presents the hardest problem in our physical life. With such causes foregoing, such a train of influences, mental, moral or physical, as produced this terrible suffering, it may have been impossible without a miracle to prevent it. Ordinarily, indeed, such pain is not long continued. It destroys life, or life destroys it. *Si gravis, brevis; si longus, levis*—"If severe, brief—if long, light," is the old adage; and it is true. But if it fail, and the terrible case of protracted anguish is before us, we may be obliged to leave it under some great law of the human constitution, which makes prevention impossible. I may be told that such pain does *no* good; that it breaks down the mind and body together; and therefore that it *cannot* in any way be useful. But we do not know that. In the great cycle of eternity all may come right. How much happier the

sufferer may be for ever for this present pain, we know not. All experience, all known analogies, favour the idea of that immense remuneration. — *Dr. Dewey's Problem of Human Destiny.*

THE OUTSIDE PASSENGER.

SOME years ago, a young lady who was going into a northern county in England took a seat in a stage-coach. For many miles she rode alone; but there was enough to amuse her in the scenery through which she passed, and in the pleasing anticipations that occupied her mind. She had been engaged as governess for the grandchildren of an earl, and was now travelling to his seat. At mid-day the coach stopped at an inn, at which dinner was provided, and she alighted and sat down at the table. An elderly man followed, and sat down also. The young lady arose, rang the bell, and addressing the waiter, said: "There is an outside passenger! I cannot dine with an outside passenger!" The stranger bowed, saying: "I beg your pardon, madam! I can go into another room," and immediately retired. The coach soon afterwards resumed its course, and passengers their places. At length the coach stopped at the gate leading to the castle to which the young lady was going; but there was not such prompt attention as she expected. All eyes seemed directed to the outside passenger, who was preparing to dismount. She beckoned and was answered: "As soon as we have attended to his lordship we will come to you."

A few words of explanation ensued, and to her dismay she found that the outside passenger, with whom she had thought it beneath her to dine, was not only a nobleman, but that very nobleman of whose family she hoped to be an inmate. What could she do? How could she bear the interview? She felt very ill, and the apology sent for her not appearing that evening was more than pretence.

The venerable peer was a considerate man, and one who knew the way in which the Scripture often speaks of the going down of the sun. "We must not let the night thus pass," said he to the countess. "You must send for her, and

we must talk to her before bed-time." He reasoned with the foolish girl respecting her conduct, insisted on the impropriety of the state of mind it evinced, assured her that nothing could induce him to allow his grandchildren to be taught such notions, refused to accept any apology that did not go the length of acknowledging that the thought was wrong, and when the right impression appeared to be produced, gave her his hand. That man was a nobleman.

MADAME LOFTY.

Mrs. LOFTY keeps a carriage;
So do I.
She has dappled grays to draw it;
None have I.
She's no prouder of her coachman
Than am I,
With my blue-eyed laughing baby
Trundling by.
I hid his face, lest she should see
The cherub boy and envy me.
Her fine husband has white fingers,
Mine has not;
He can give his bride a palace,
Mine a cot.
Hers comes home beneath the starlight,
Ne'er cares she;
Mine comes in the purple twilight,
Kisses me,
And prays that He who turns life's sands,
Will hold His loved ones in His hands.
Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,
So have I;
She wears hers upon her bosom,
Inside I.
She will leave hers at death's portals,
By and by;
I shall bear the treasures with me,
When I die—
For I have love and she has gold:
She counts *her* wealth, *mine* can't be told.
She has those who love her station:
None have I,
But I've one true heart beside me,
Glad am I;
I'd not change it for a kingdom,
No, not I;
God will weigh it in the balance,
By and by;
And then the difference He'll define
'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

OUR ROCK.

SOME little alarm has been felt as if the foundation of the Christian faith had been shaken, simply because it has been assailed. We have no fear for the Christian church. We have no dread that the divine and miraculously-attested authority of Christ can ever be overthrown. Is it true that all the moral intuitions of our nature are satisfied with the precepts of our Saviour? is it true that the hopes and aspirations of the heart find assurance and strength in the gospel promises?—it is not less true that the yearnings of the soul, the desire for nearness with God, and the universal panting for a supernatural and perfectly-attested Mediator, find rest in Christ. And we further believe that the strength of the whole Christian system, its power of good and its perpetuation down eighteen centuries, and its success to the end of time, are guaranteed by the special providence of God and the well-attested evidence of its divine and miraculous origin. Peter said unto Jesus, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God;" and Jesus said, "Upon this rock I will build my church." Yes, upon this very faith, embodied in this confession, that he was the anointed of God, approved of God by miracles and wonders and signs which God did by him,—on this the church was built, through this it has been sustained, and by this it will live on to the end of time. To assail this is not to destroy it. To question it is not to weaken its evidence. To deny it is simply to place yourself outside the pale of its power; and the history of all who have attempted to overturn Christianity, is the history of folly and failure, for we are assured by our Master, and we believe him, nothing shall prevail against his church.

Certainly there is something in the assault on this doctrine to be pitied and deplored. For a time, to witness the zeal and mental power of a professedly Christian man and minister of a congregation dealing out blows and throwing out scoffs and sarcasm on this faith, is painful to behold. They labour in vain who attempt to overthrow this great and central fact of the Christian religion. It is a wasted life and a fruitless effort to overturn what God has set up. If a man, said Christ, abide not in me, he becomes

as a withered branch and is destroyed. He bears no fruit. For a time he calls attention to the peculiarity of his position, provoking discussion in one, contempt in another, forbearance in another; no lasting proofs of usefulness are left behind, his people are scattered, and the place of his ministry becomes a beacon to warn the spiritual sailor of shipwreck, of failure and loss. Various Christian sects have sprung up and run courses of usefulness during the last eighteen hundred years; but no sect denying the divinely attested mission of Christ, can possibly ever spring into being and continue more than a day. There is no foundation, there is no guide, there is no head. They have simply placed themselves on the basis of the philosophical sectaries of history, and a greater distance from God than they might have enjoyed, so how can it be expected they shall succeed? Failure and extinction are inevitable. Why should any one fear the wide diffusion of such views, and the negation of so important a principle in religious life?

We know in whom we have believed. We feel there is a power of suasion to Christian life from this very source. There is authority just where it is frequently needed. There is assurance, comfort and strength, we are unwilling to do without. There is no moral or religious gain in the denial of the supernatural in the life of Christ, while from the beginning until now the church has felt itself sustained by this belief. It harmonizes with the "desire of all nations," and that continual groping after nearness to God common to the human heart. Here we rest; this rock bears us up,—Christ, the power, wisdom and goodness of God.

A COW TEACHING THEOLOGY.

OLD Mr. Bunnell was a peculiar man. When a little child he was peculiar. He didn't want to rock, or creep, or walk like other children. He seemed to prefer to creep sideways or backward rather than forward. And when a boy, no play suited him; no plan was exactly right. When other boys wanted to skate, he wanted to slide. When they wanted to slide down hill, he wanted to run on the ice. When they learned to read in the usual way, he

turned his book bottom upwards, and learned to read in that way. Not that he was cross or morose, but peculiar. He wanted everything done his own way. When he became a man, and rode bare-back when other people used the saddle, and milked his cow on the right side instead of the left, and used an ox harnessed with the old horse, why people said, "Mr. Bunnell is a peculiar man," and let it all pass.

But there were places where he found it hard to travel with other people. Especially was this so on the Sabbath. He never could enjoy the singing in the church, because the chorister always got hold of the wrong tunes; and he could not enjoy the prayers, because they were too long or too short, too abstract or too common. They were always out of joint. If the heathen were prayed for, he thought the heathen at home might as well be remembered. If the nations were mentioned, he thought the Jews ought to be mentioned by name. In all cases, somebody was left out or put into the prayers that ought not to be. He didn't "mean to scold or find fault," he said, but he "did love to have things done right." Poor man, he never had them done right!

But a greater trouble was the preaching. He professed to like the minister, and *did* like him as well as he could like anybody. But there were awful mistakes in his preaching. Sometimes a most important point, as he thought, was left out. Sometimes things were put in which nobody could understand. Sometimes things almost heretical were broached. What could he do? He gave hints and propounded queries to his minister, and his minister so gently and kindly passed them off, that it seemed like pouring water on a duck's back.

At length, when patience seemed about to give out, and when he could stand it no longer, he went over to his neighbour, Deacon Wright, and poured his troubles into his ear. Now Deacon Wright was a quiet man, said but little, but thought more. When he did speak, it was always to the point. He knew all about Mr. Bunnell; had great patience with him, and a great regard for him. He used to say, "Mr. Bunnell loves to growl, but he never really bites."

The deacon was just going to the barn to fodder his cattle, when Mr. Bunnell came up and bid him, "Good morning—if I can call such a cold night *good*. Now, Deacon, I've just one word to say. I can't bear our preaching! I get no good. There is so much in it that I don't want, that I grow lean on it. I lose my time and pains."

"Mr. Bunnell, come in here! There's my cow Thankful—she can teach you theology!"

"A cow teach theology! What do you mean?"

"Now see. I have just thrown her a forkfull of hay. Just watch her. There now! She has found a stick (you know sticks will get in the hay), and see how she tosses it one side, and leaves it, and goes on to eat what is good. There again! She has found a burdock, and she throws it one side, and goes on eating. And there! She don't relish that bunch of daisies, and she leaves them, and—goes on eating. Before morning she will clear the manger of all, save a few sticks and weeds, and she will give milk. There's milk in that hay, and she knows how to get it out, albeit there may be now and then a stick or weed which she leaves. But if she refused to eat, and spent the time in scolding about the fodder, she too would 'grow lean,' and my milk would be dried up. Just so with our preaching. Let the old cow teach you. Get all the good you can out of it, and leave the rest. You will find a great deal of nourishment in it."

Mr. Bunnell stood silent a moment, then turned away, saying, "Neighbour, that old cow is no fool at any rate."

PERMANENCY OF EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

REV. MR. STOW, in his lectures to Sabbath-school teachers, related the following facts to illustrate the nature of impressions made in early life, and to shew the probability that impressions once made are never lost. These facts recommend themselves with great force to the serious attention of parents and teachers, and all who have the care of children.

A lady in the last stage of a chronic disease, was taken to the country, carry-

ing an infant child. Years after, that child was carried to the same place, and into the same room. As she entered the room, she started back, and said, "I have a distinct recollection that in some time of my life I was in this room, and there was a lady in that corner who bent over me and wept."

An early settler in the country carried with him a small quantity of specie. As there was danger from the French and Indians, he thought proper to conceal it. Accordingly, taking with him his little son, who was not old enough to understand the transaction, he buried his treasure in the earth. The father was suddenly taken away; and the concealed treasure became an object of search. Years after the little son dreamed that the money could be found in a certain place, and so it turned out. This dream was nothing more than a reviving of an early impression.

A lad of my acquaintance in this city, for years a member of the Sabbath school, was taken with the typhus fever, and during the paroxysms of derangement his language and conversation were of a religious character—his prayers were fervent, and in a style far above his years he would repeat whole chapters from the Bible. His friends were encouraged to hope that he was truly prepared to die: but he recovered, and it all passed away as a vision of the night—the boy himself had no recollection of what had passed. These were doubtless impressions which had been received in the Sabbath schools at an early period, and revived by the action of the fever on the brain.

Dr. Abernethy had a patient, who had been known to speak only in the English language: but in the paroxysm of mental derangement he spoke in French. It was afterwards ascertained that he had lived in a French family in early life.

Dr. Rush informs us of one who spoke in his paroxysms of insanity first in English, then in French, and then in Italian. He was born in Italy, had lived in France, and subsequently resided among the English.

A Lutheran clergyman near Philadelphia says that the aged Swiss and Germans in the old settled parts of Pennsylvania, when near death, uniformly speak their native language, although it has

not been, for many years, in common use among them.

A deeply pious lady of my acquaintance, when delirious, is awfully profane. In early life, she was in a situation where she was exposed to hear such language, and the excitement of delirium revived the impression.

How will you account for the fact that the aged will recollect the impressions of early life, while those of later years have long passed away?

Men who are intoxicated talk religiously. Examine their history and you will find that in early life they were in religious families, and the influence of alcohol upon the brain revives these impressions. These facts I have mentioned to shew that impressions in early life are deep and permanent. Perhaps, however, it would be difficult to shew that an idea once impressed upon the mind is ever lost. It is not to be supposed, because impressions are for a time effaced from the memory, that they are lost. A faded manuscript may be made legible by the action of chemical substances.

If Mr. Stow's views are correct, how fearful is the responsibility of those who have the care of children and youth! And what incessant watchfulness should they exercise to prevent their being exposed to evil impressions. Who has not been annoyed by the voluntary reviving of these impressions by the power of association, at times and in places when they were most unwelcome?

THE GOOD DEED IN SEASON.

BY MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"GET away with you, you dirty, old beggar-boy! I'd like to know what right you have to look over the fence at our flowers?"

The speaker was a little boy, not more than eleven years old, and though sometimes people called it handsome, his face looked very harsh and disagreeable just then.

He stood in a beautiful garden, just in the suburbs of the city; and it was June time, and the tulips were just opening themselves to the sunshine. Oh, it was a great joy to look at them, as they bowed gracefully to the light winds

their necks of crimson, of yellow, and carnation. The beds flanked either side of the path, that curved around a small arbour, where the young grape clusters that lay hidden among the leaves wrote a beautiful prophecy for the autumn.

A white paling ran in front of the garden, and over this the little beggar-boy so rudely addressed was leaning. He was very lean, very dirty, very ragged. I am afraid, little children, you would have turned away in disgust from so repulsive a spectacle; and yet God and the angels loved him.

He was looking, with all his soul in his eyes, on the beautiful blossoms as they swayed to and fro in the summer wind, and his heart softened while he leaned his arm on the fence railing, and forgot everything in that long absorbed gaze. Ah, it was seldom the beggar-boy saw anything so beautiful, and it was sad his dream should have such a rude awakening.

The blood rushed up to his face, and a glance full of evil and defiance flashed into his eyes. But before the boy could retort, a little girl sprang out from the arbour, and looked from one child to the other. She was very fair, with soft hazel eyes, over which drooped long, shining lashes. Rich curls hung over her bare, white shoulders, and her lips were the colour of the crimson tulip blossoms.

"How could you speak so cross to the boy, Hinton?" she asked, with a tone of sad reproach quivering through the sweetness of her voice. "I'm sure it doesn't do us any harm to have him look at the flowers as long as he wants to."

"Well, Helen," urged the brother, slightly ashamed, "I don't like to have beggars gaping over the fence. It looks so low."

"Now, that's all a notion of yours, Hinton. I'm sure if the flowers can do anybody any good, we ought to be very glad. Little boy," and the child turned to the beggar-boy, and addressed him as courteously as though he had been a prince, "I'll pick you some of the tulips, and you'll wait a moment."

"Helen, I do believe you're the funniest girl that ever lived!" ejaculated the child's brother, as he turned away, and, with a low whistle, sauntered down

the path, feeling very uncomfortable, for her conduct was a stronger reproof to him than any words could have been.

Helen picked one of each specimen of the tulips, and there was a great variety of these, and gave them to the child. His face brightened as he received them and thanked her.

Oh, the little girl had dropped a pearl of great price into the black, turbid billows of the boy's life; and the after years should bring it up, beautiful and bright again.

Twelve years have passed. The little blue-eyed girl had grown into a tall, graceful woman. One bright June afternoon, she walked with her husband through the garden, for she was on a visit to her parents. The place was little changed, and the tulips had opened their lips of crimson and gold to the sunshine, just as they had done twelve years before.

Suddenly they observed a young man in a workman's overalls, leaning over the fence, his eyes wandering eagerly from the beautiful flowers to herself. He had a frank, pleasant countenance, and there was something in his manner that interested the gentleman and lady.

"Look here, Edward," she said, "I'll pluck him some of the flowers. It always does me good to see people admiring them;" and releasing her husband's arm, she approached the palings, saying—and the smile around her lips was very like the old child one—"Are you fond of flowers, sir? It will give me great pleasure to gather some."

The young workman looked a moment very earnestly into the face. "Twelve years ago this very month," he said in a voice deep, yet tremulous with feeling, "I stood here, leaning on this railing, a dirty, ragged little beggar-boy, and you asked me this very question. Twelve years ago, you placed the bright flowers in my hands, and they made me a new boy—ay, and they have made a man of me too. Your face has been a light, ma'am, all along the dark hours of my life, and this day that little beggar-boy can stand on the old place, and say to you, though he is a humble and hard-working man, yet, thank God, he's an honest one."

Tear-drops trembled like morning dew

on the shining lashes of the lady, as she turned to her husband, who had joined her, and listened in absorbed astonishment to the workman's words.

"God," she said, "put it into my child-heart to do that little act of kindness, and see now how great is the reward that He has given me."

And the setting sun poured a flood of rich purple light over the group that stood there—over the workman in his blue overalls, over the lady with her gentleman at her side.

Altogether it was a picture for a painter, but the angels who looked down on it from heaven saw something more than a picture there.

WITHOUT THE CHILDREN.

O THE weary, solemn silence
Of a house without the children!
O the strange, oppressive stillness

Where the children come no more!
Ah! the longing of the sleepless
For the soft arms of the children;
Ah! the longing for the faces

Peeping through the opening door—
Faces gone for evermore!

Strange it is to wake at midnight
And not hear the children breathing;
Nothing but the old clock ticking,

Ticking, ticking by the door.
Strange to see the little dresses
Hanging up there all the morning;
And the gaiters—ah! their patter,
We will hear it never more
On our mirth-forsaken floor.

What is home without the children?
'Tis the earth without its verdure,
And the sky without its sunshine:

Life is withered to the core!
So we'll leave this dreary desert,
And we'll follow the Good Shepherd
To the greener pastures vernal,

Where the lambs have "gone before"
With the Shepherd evermore!

O the weary solemn stillness,
Of a house without the children!
O the strange, oppressive stillness
Where the children come no more!

Ah! the longing of the sleepless
For the soft arms of the children;
Ah! the longing for the faces
Peeping through the open door—
Faces gone for evermore!

MAZZINI ON "THE DUTIES OF MAN."

WHETHER we contemplate Mazzini as a thinker, politician, patriot, or as a man, we discover genius consecrated to duty and humanity. As a thinker, his brain has been the life-blood of that young Italy which has just started its career of progressive development towards national unity. While we honour that brave soldier and pure patriot, Garibaldi, it should never be forgotten that Joseph Mazzini performed the Herculean work of disseminating ideas through the press of political and social regeneration for Italy; and this task he executed in the midst of much suffering, innumerable difficulties and hindrances, and which could only be surmounted by an apostle of profound faith, of high sense of duty, and of a noble spirit of self-sacrifice.

It is now more than thirty years since Mazzini presented himself a living sacrifice on the altar of his country, since he dedicated his genius and eloquence to the cause of humanity, of progress; and although he was once crowned with laurels, he has since wandered an exile, bearing the cross and wearing the crown of thorns; but never has he swerved from his faith—never has he through sorrow and persecution ceased to labour for the elevation of humanity—never has he deviated from the path of rectitude and consistency, but has maintained a character that will command love and homage in the future. Noble man! Noble apostle of a noble faith!

If his detractors would only be at the pains to read and understand his works, and acquaint themselves with his life, they would not join with European despots in attempting to tarnish his good name.

His work on "The Duties of Man" is not only an evidence of his genius, but is a striking proof of his deep religious faith. This work proves him to be an earnest supporter of every rightful authority, a real man of order, and a most luminous teacher of religion. The germ of this work was written by an Italian six hundred years ago, the immortal Dante. The following are his words:

"God is one. The universe is a thought of God; the universe therefore is also one. All things spring from God.

All things participate in the Divine Nature, more or less according to the end for which they were created. Man is the noblest of created things. God has given to man more of his own nature than to the others. Everything that springs from God tends towards that amount of perfectibility of which it is susceptible. The capacity of perfectibility is indefinite in man. Humanity is one. God has created no useless thing. Humanity exists; hence there must be a single aim for all men, a work to be achieved by all. The human race must therefore work in unity, so that all the intellectual forces diffused among men may obtain the highest possible development in the sphere of thought and action. There exists therefore one universal religion for the human race."

Mazzini's "Duties of Man" treats—

1. Of God. 2. The Law. 3. Duties towards Humanity. 4. Duties towards our Country. 5. Duties towards the Family. 6. Duties towards Ourselves. 7. Liberty. 8. Education. 9. Association—Progress. 10. The Economical Question. 11. Conclusion.

We shall give extracts under most of the above heads from the work, believing as we do that they are words of gold, and, if only pondered by working men and women, they will become a lever to raise them to a higher plane of religious and social well-being.

IMPROVEMENT.

"Improve yourselves! Let this be the aim of your life. It is only by improving yourselves, by becoming more virtuous, that you can render your condition lastingly unhappy. Petty tyrants would arise among yourselves by thousands, so long as you should merely strive to advance in the name of material interests, or a special social organization. A change of social organization is of little moment, while you yourselves remain with your present passions and egotism. Social organizations are like certain plants which yield either poison or medicine according to the mode in which they are administered.

"No doubt it is also necessary to improve the rich, but you will never succeed in doing this unless you begin by improving yourselves.

"The sufferings of the poor are partially known to the wealthier classes; known, but not felt. In the general indifference resulting from the absence of a common faith, in the egotism which is the inevitable consequence of so many years spent in preaching material happiness, those who do not suffer themselves have little by little become accustomed to regard the sufferings of others as a sorrowful necessity of social organization, or to leave the remedy to the generations to come. The difficulty lies not so much in convincing them as in rousing them from their inertia, and inducing them, when once convinced, to act, to associate together, and to fraternize with you in order to create such a social organization as shall put an end, as far as human possibilities allow, to your sufferings and their own fears.

"Now to do this is a work of faith; of faith in that mission which God has given to his human creature here on earth, in the responsibility which weighs upon all those who fail to fulfil that mission, and in the duty imposed upon all of continual endeavour and sacrifice in the cause of truth.

"Working men! Brothers! When Christ came and changed the face of the world, he spoke not of rights to the rich, who needed not to achieve them; nor to the poor, who doubtless would have abused them, in imitation of the rich; he spoke not of utility nor of interest to a people whom interest and utility had corrupted; he spoke of duty, he spoke of love, of sacrifice and of faith; and he said *that they should be first among all who had contributed most by their labour to the good of all.*

"And the words of Christ, breathed in the ear of a society in which all true life was extinct, recalled it to existence, conquered the millions, conquered the world, and caused the education of the human race to ascend one degree on the scale of progress.

"We seek the kingdom of God on earth as it is in heaven, or rather that earth may become a preparation for heaven, and society an endeavour after the progressive realization of the divine idea.

"But Christ's every act was the visible representation of the faith he preached, and around him stood apostles, who in-

embodied in their actions the faith they had accepted. Be you such, and you will conquer. Preach duty to the classes above you, and fulfil, as far as in you lies, your own. Preach virtue, sacrifice and love, and be yourselves virtuous, loving and ready for self-sacrifice."

God.

"The source of your duties is in God. The definition of your duties is found in His law. The progressive discovery and application of this law is the mission of humanity.

"God exists. I am not bound to prove this to you, nor shall I endeavour to do so. To me the attempt would seem blasphemous, as the denial appears madness.

"God exists because we exist. God lives in our conscience, in the conscience of humanity. Our conscience invokes Him in our most solemn moments of grief or joy. Humanity has been able to transform, to disfigure, never to suppress His holy name. The universe bears witness to Him in the order, harmony and intelligence of its movements and its laws.

"There are, I hope, no atheists among you. Were there any, they would deserve pity rather than malediction. He who can deny God either in the face of a starlight night, when standing beside the tomb of those dearest to him, or in the presence of martyrdom, is either greatly unhappy or greatly guilty. The first atheist was surely one who had concealed some crime from his fellow-men, and who sought by denying God to free himself from the sole witness from whom concealment was impossible, and thus stifle the remorse by which he was tormented. Or perhaps the first atheist was a tyrant, who, having destroyed one-half of the soul of his brethren by depriving them of liberty, endeavoured to substitute the worship of brute force to faith in duty and eternal right.

"At the present day there are many men who abhor all religion because they see the actual corruption of the creeds, and have no conception of the purity of the religion of the future; but none of these venture to declare themselves atheists. There do indeed exist priests who prostitute the name of God to the calculations of a venal self-interest, and

tyrants who falsify His name by invoking it in support of their tyranny; but because the light of the sun is often obscured by impure vapours, shall we deny the sun himself and the vivifying influence of his rays throughout the universe? Because the liberty of the wicked sometimes produces anarchy, shall we curse the name of liberty itself?

"The undying light of faith in God pierces through all the imposture and corruption wherewith men have darkened His name. Imposture and corruption pass away—tyrannies pass away—but God remains, as the people, image of God on earth, remains. Even as the people passes through slavery, poverty and suffering, to achieve self-consciousness, power and emancipation, step by step,—so does the holy name of God arise above the ruins of corrupt creeds, to shine forth surrounded by a purer, more intense and more rational form of worship.

"Why do we talk of fraternity, while we allow any of our brethren to be trampled on, degraded or despised?

"The earth is our workshop. We may not curse it; we are bound to sanctify it.

"The material forces that surround us are our instruments of labour; we may not reject them; we are bound to direct them for good.

"But this we cannot do alone, without God.

"I have spoken to you of duties: I have told you that the consciousness of your rights will never suffice you as a permanent guide on the path towards perfection; it will not even suffice to procure you the continuous progressive improvement in your condition which you seek and desire.

"Now, apart from God, whence can you derive duty?

"Without God, whatsoever system you attempt to lean upon, you will find it has no other foundation or basis than force—blind, tyrannical, brute force.

"There is no escape from this.

"Either the development of human things depends upon a providential law which we are all bound to seek to discover and apply, or it is left to chance, to passing circumstance, and to that man who contrives best to turn these to account.

"We must either obey God or serve

man; whether one man or many matters little.

"If there be not a governing mind, supreme over every human mind, what shall preserve us from the dominion of our fellow-men whenever they are stronger than we?"

"If there be not one holy inviolable law, uncreated by man, what rule have we by which to judge whether a given act be just or unjust?"

"In the name of whom or of what shall we protest against oppression?"

"Prove to mankind that the work of progressive development to which you would call them is a part of the design of God, and none will rebel. Prove to them that the earthly duties to be fulfilled here below are an essential portion of their immortal life, and all calculations of the present will vanish before the grandeur of the future.

"Without God you may compel, but not persuade; you may become tyrants in your turn; you cannot be educators or apostles."—*To be continued.*

FROM CALVINISM TO UNITARIANISM.

WHILE living amidst the lofty mountains of Wales, enjoying its beautiful scenery of hills and fertile plains, its gentle flowing rivers, its overhanging crags, and glassy lakes, all permeated with poetry and inspiration, I was filled with doubt concerning my early religious notions. At a very early period in my life's history I was trained and drilled into the Calvinistic system. I was taught to reverence Calvin's "Institutes" and Jonathan Edwards' work on the Will, as being almost inspired productions. Indeed, as works of logic they appeared master-pieces; but ever and anon thoughts would steal into my soul as to their being the true development of the Christian idea. The conclusions were correct, but their premiss was false. They were edifices reared with logical acuteness, but their foundation was sand. They proved the sovereignty of God, and then inferred His right to be a capricious despot. From this postulum they argued His right to elect a portion of His creatures to high privileges and future happiness; and the majority accordingly were predestinated to hopeless misery, to penal fire,

for evermore. The human will was powerless for good—it was too weak to will good, but possessed a vital force to will evil *ad infinitum*. The Christian scheme was a grand mechanical scheme to move the elect onward to eternal felicity. Against these views my young soul revolted, as against a palpable violation of the first principles of justice—against an insult offered to reason, conscience and the human heart. But the solvent for my difficulties was nigh at hand—my deliverer was just within my grasp.

The works of the sainted Channing came into my hands—I devoured them as an hungry man would food after having been kept for some time in a state of semi-starvation.

The style charmed me by its deep rich eloquence and sweet harmony. Here I found reverence and culture unfolding Christianity in such a manner as to convince my reason, to win my conscience, and to inspire me with grander conceptions of life and duty. Here I found a true help to Christian culture, a new reflector of a higher life. I now saw clearly through the one-sidedness of the Calvinistic system, through its tendency to degrade and obscure the Divine Goodness. It is true I still recognized God as an absolute Sovereign, but now I saw Him ruling the universe in equity and mercy; now I saw earth and heaven co-operate to bless all His children; now I saw Jesus and his cross lifted up to attract all men to holiness and happiness; now I saw all men were of the elect; now I saw that all men were brethren; and now I saw that Love was the great sun of the Christian system.

The influence of Channing is growing daily; his genius as well as his saintly life were universal. His love and reverence for man was unbounded. His noble efforts to inspire working-men with self-respect, with a love for the beautiful in art and nature, with high ideas concerning the dignity of their nature and the sublime grandeur of its destiny, have awakened a new life in America and England; and these noble utterances will roll onward until the people be lifted up from their earthliness to higher planes of spiritual and social happiness.

J. BEVAN.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

AM I A HEATHEN?—Some gentlemen called upon an old woman and inquired if she had a Bible. She was very angry at being asked such a question, and replied, "Do you think, gentlemen, that I am a heathen, that you ask me such a question?" Then calling to a little girl, she said, "Run and fetch the Bible out of the drawer, that I may shew it to the gentlemen." They desired she would not take the trouble, but she insisted that they should "see she was not a heathen." Accordingly the Bible was brought, nicely covered: on opening it, the old woman exclaimed, "Well, how glad I am that you called and asked me about the Bible! here are my spectacles! I have been looking for them these three years and did not know where to find them." Might she not be called a heathen?

SLAVERY ON ITS LAST LEGS.—The lamented Gen. Wadsworth, of New York, killed in one of the late battles in Virginia, gave utterance to the following sentiment on slavery in a private letter just before his death. It is worthy of being remembered:

"I have come to the conclusion that we can never have a true peace until slavery is utterly abolished. Any settlement short of that will only be an armistice. It will be a severe ordeal to pass through, but we had better meet it manfully than leave it a cankering sore for our children."

A GOOD SIGN.—A curious fact has taken place at Beblenheim (Haunt-Rhin.) The inhabitants, partly Protestants and partly Catholics, had long worshiped at different hours in the same church. The edifice having become too small, and threatening ruin, a subscription was made in the place to build two distinct churches. All gave indiscriminately, and 44,000 francs was the result. The government added 20,000, which will cover the expenses of the Protestant temple and the Catholic church.

NOR ANXIOUS.—"I am not anxious," said good Mr. Adams, of Falkirk, in the middle of the last century—and he was near his journey's end—"I am not anxious either to live or die; if I die, I shall be with God; and if I live, He will be with me."

UNLEARNING AT HOME.—It was a source of much trouble once to some fish, to see a number of lobsters swimming backward, instead of forwards. They therefore called a meeting, and it was determined to open a class for their instruction, which was done, and a number of young lobsters came; for the fish gravely argued that if they commenced with the young ones, as they grew up they would learn to swim aright. At first they did very well, but afterwards, when they returned home, and saw their fathers and mothers swimming in the old way, they soon forgot their lessons. So many a child, well taught at Sabbath-school, is drifted backwards by a bad home influence.

SIMPLE MODE OF PURIFYING WATER.—It is not so generally known as it might be that pounded alum possesses the property of purifying water. A table-spoonful of pulverized alum sprinkled into a hogshead of water (the water stirred at the same time) will, after a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it, that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A pailful, containing four gallons, may be purified by a single tea-spoonful of the alum.

MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL.—Some people talk and behave as if they thought rest was simply abstinence from labour. And yet one of the most tiresome things in human experience is long-continued idleness. We once knew a wealthy youth who got so tired of a career of this sort, that he actually went to his guardian, and asked it, as a favour, to be permitted to work, day in and day out, along with the field hands, at the usual wages. Although his guardian laughed at the very idea, and the labourers laughed, he persisted in his request till it was granted, and then he astonished everybody that knew him by working unflinchingly the season through. In so doing he not only found true rest to his body and mind, but at the same time made himself useful in the world.—*The Nation*.

A SALUTARY THOUGHT.—When I was a young man, there lived in our neighbourhood a farmer who was usually reported to be a very liberal man, and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure—rather more than would be required of him. One of his friends observing him frequently doing so, questioned him as to why he did it; he told him he gave too much, and said it would be to his disadvantage. Now, dear reader, mark the answer of this excellent and upright man: "God has permitted me but one journey through the world, and when I am gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes." Think of this. There is but one journey through the world.

I MUST THINK FOR EVER!—I must think for ever. Would an eternal train of my usual thoughts be either worthy of me, or useful to me? I must feel for ever. Would an eternal reign of my present spirit and desires please me? I must act for ever. Would an eternal course of my habitual conduct bring happiness, or bear reflection?—*Philip*.

UNITARIAN HAND-BOOK.—The third edition, sixth thousand, now ready, at One Shilling per copy, or six copies, *post free*, Five Shillings.

All Letters, Post-Office Orders, &c., to be addressed to WHITEFIELD, GREEN & SON, 178, Strand, London, W.C.

Printed and Published by
WHITEFIELD, GREEN & SON, 178, STRAND.